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MOUNTAIN MELODIES

BY

CY WARMAN

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Mountain Melodies

BY

CY WARMAN

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PREFACE.

The Author offers no apology to the Public for the publication of these Rhymes. They were inspired largely by Nature and Nature's God.

If you have a kick coming, kick higher.

THE AUTHOR.

INDEX.

	PAGE
Where the Flowers Talk	7
The Columbine	8
Adown the Dusky Dell	9
Creede	10
This Can't Be Hell	11
Agnes, I Love You	12
Towns of the Mountains	13
Broken Vows	15
I Would Know My Native Land	16
A Colorado Girl	18
Oleo and Butter	19
Where Women Don't Go	20
The Canon of the Grand	22
Summer's Gone	23
Where the Wild Flowers Catch the Dew	24
Gentle Annie	25
When Other Lips	26
From Mountain to Meadow	27
Sangre de Christo	28
Love Among the Mountains	29
Sunset on Salt Lake	30
Loch Ivanhoe	31
At Manitou	32

The Garb of the Hills - - - 33
The Thunder Bird - - - - 34
The Amethyst Vein - - - 35
The Nellie Bly - - - - 36
To the Golden Gate - - - 38
'Mid the Mountains - - - - 40
It Beats Hell - - - - 41
There is No Death - - - - 42
Her Hand in Mine - - · 43
Sunlight - - - - - 44
Charity - - - - - 45
Sic Transit Glori Mundi - - - 46
Bad on the Bird - - - - 47
The Roses are Gone - - - - 48
Winter - · - - - 49
If I Had You - - - - - 50
Be Better to God - - - - 51
Woman's Love and Man's Love - - 52
Here Below - - - - 53
This Life is Good - - - - 54
Asleep with the Roses - - - 55
The Whippoorwill - - - - 56
At the Tabor - - - - 57
The Miner's Lament - - - - 58
Silver Stained - - - - 60
We Ain't Had No Spring - - - 61
A Woman and Her Tears - - 62
The Way I Went - - - - 63

Mountain Melodies.

Where the Flowers Talk.

I want to go where the flowers blow
  On the mountains high and hoary ;
Where the summer winds shake the patient pines
  And the sun in its golden glory,
Falls o'er the stream where the ripples gleam ;
  Where the shores are shoal and sandy.
I want to walk where the flowers talk
  On the banks of the Rio Grande.

I love the stills in the running rills—
  The willowy rills half hidden
That lie in the lap of the gentle hills—
  In the lap of the hills unchidden.
I love the leas where the honey bees
  Are making sweets from the clover,
And when I walk where the flowers talk
  I just feel good all over.

The Columbine.

Sweet Marie, here's a columbine,
  The summer can surely spare it.
See! Here's a delicate twig to twine,
To braid in this beautiful hair of thine.
Sweet Marie, here's a columbine—
  Take it, my queen, and wear it!

Waved by the wind in the summer time;
  Wet by the summer showers;
Blown in the balm of this beautiful clime,
Over our heads where the hills are rime;
Waved by the winds in the summer time—
  Fairest of forest flowers.

For I have brought you this boutonniere,
  Plucked from the hills above you,
To weave in the waves of your beautiful hair,
Or wear in your breast where the love songs are.
I have brought you this boutonniere—
  Take it, because I love you.

Adown the Dusky Dell.

Behind the mossy mountain tip
Sinks the setting sun,
Aslant the shade the swallows dip,
The summer day is done.
The busy brook sings softly,
Like the tinkling of a bell,
And still and gray the shadows lay
Adown the dusky dell.

Across the silent summit steals
The pale and patient moon,
And up the vale and vegas comes
The balmy breath of June.
Fraught with the sighs of summer,
Now the softly gentle breeze,
With tender touch has come to comb
The tresses of the trees.

Amid these mighty mountains
With their heaven-touching towers,
I stand and view with wonderment
This grand old world of ours;
Whose hoary hills for ages
Have the stubborn storms withstood,
I feel my insignificance,
And murmur, God is good.

Creede.

Here's a land where all are equal—
Of high or lowly birth—
A land where men make millions,
Dug from the dreary earth.
Here the meek and mild-eyed burro
On mineral mountains feed—
It's day all day, in the day-time,
And there is no night in Creede.

The cliffs are solid silver,
With wond'rous wealth untold;
And the beds of running rivers
Are lined with glittering gold.
While the world is filled with sorrow,
And hearts must break and bleed—
It's day all day, in the day-time,
And there is no night in Creede.

This Can't Be Hell.

The writer of a recent book
Makes me believe I dwell
In what in brighter worlds they'd look
Upon as perfect hell.

We've lived before, he doth depose,
When life again was given,
The wicked all came here and those
Quite good have gone to heaven.

It may be so; for I have seen
This life so full of gloom;
I've almost sighed to rest me in
The cold and silent tomb.

And I have thought, in those dark days—
I've been so ill at ease,
And suffered in so many ways—
This surely were hades.

But when the sun comes out again
And bathes the earth in gold,
And song birds warble in the glen
And nature, to unfold

Her wond'rous beauty beckons mé
Down the bedaisyed dell;
In nature's open arms I see
Much more of heaven then hell.

Agnes, I Love You!

I stooped and wrote upon the sand
Along the shore, with trembling hand,
These words that she might understand:
Agnes, I love you!

The surging sea got full one day,
And came ashore and washed away
These words that near the waters lay—
Agnes, I love you!

I climbed upon a mountain high,
Plucked up a tree, wrote on the sky,
Above the waters, high and dry,
Agnes, I love you!

I'd like to see some sloppy sea,
Said I, slide up this canopy
And monkey with my motto. See!
Agnes, I love you!

Towns of the Mountains.

When Uncompahgre's vale I view,
From mountain's high and hoary,
I seem to dream love's dream anew,
And hear the old, old story.
Chipeta, blest queen of my breast,
When here mine eyes first saw you,
The Poncho perfumed wind carest
Your sun-kist Wahatoya.

O'er Alamosa hills we strolled
Whose shadows seemed to beg us
Pause where gentle Lomas rolled
Above the Verdi Vegas.
The soft winds shook the arboles,
And song birds in La Jara
Made music dulce on the breeze
O'er anxious to Cuchara.

Oft in these Cimarron ranges grand,
The walks of Escalante,
Have I caressed your sun-browned hand
With kisses, caliente.
Dear, good alcalde, bring her back,
No Montes are Bonita,
O'er whose rough Piedras there's no track
Made by my lost Chipeta.

Oh, take me to Thee, Manitou,
  My Santa Fe will guide me,
And some day I shall be with you,
  And walk with her beside me
Upon that blest Hermosa shore,
  So sunny and florida.
Mine anima looks up once more,
  To seek the soul's Salida.

Broken Vows.

What time these miles must lay between
My little love and I,
And dreary days must intervene
E'er we may meet, Oh, my !—
What time I take to kneel and pray
As only Christians can ;
Right solemnly I sigh and say :
"I'll be a better man."

But when my love's elastic lips
Are clinging close to mine,
And thrill me to my finger tips
Like I've been drunk with wine,
These olden vows are irksome then
And seem so slender, too ;
I break them, but like all good men
I make some more anew.

I Would Know My Native Land.

There are those who praise the poet who can soar in starry spheres,
And can mould his mystic phrases from the wrecks of other years.
I would have my inspiration fresh from nature's open hand;
I would sing a simple sonnet that a child can understand.

There are those who seek in other climes the joys they might have known
Mid the mountains and the meadows of the land they call their own.
I would find the shady canons, where at night the gentle dew
Comes to kiss the rose and heliotrope, when stars are all in view.

I would walk the verdant valley, where the salt waves wash the feet
Of the Wasatch, gazing upward where the sky and mountains meet.
Filled with awe and admiration I would kneel upon the strand,
And thank heaven for this picture even I can understand.

I would stand amid these mountains with their hueless caps of snow,
Looking down the distant valley, stretching far away below;
And with reverential rapture, thank my Maker for this grand,
Peerless, priceless panorama that a child can understand.

A Colorado Girl.

She's the shining solid silver
From humanity's rough ore;
She's the star that beams above us out of reach;
She's the lasting love-lit lighthouse
That illumes life's lonely shore;
She's the precious pearl the tide leaves on the beach.
She's the ever-paying pay-streak
In the fissure of the heart;
She's the summer rose that scents the silent gloom;
She's the wondrous work of nature,
Like the soul, our better part;
She's our sunlight from the cradle to the tomb.

Oleo and Butter.

The Oleomargarine of life
  Is the joys that fade and fleet and flutter
Away; that strew our paths with strife;
  But the joy that is best for you and me
  Is the hint of a hope of a bliss to be
That takes us from time to eternity,
  Ah, that is our life's good butter.

Where Women Don't Go.

The flowers that bloom in the springtime,
  And make the dull world seem so gay,
Have never a thought in the meantime
  That bloom bringeth blight and decay.

The glad bird that sings by the river,
  Smiling up at the blue opal sky,
Never dreams in its joy that the river
  Of Song has adjudged it to die.

The brooklet that babbles and blushes,
  And makes the green glen glad with glee,
Knoweth not that it wilfully rushes
  To the silent sad shores of the sea.

But man, while in youth's happy morning,
  When the world seems so sunny and bright,
In the song of each bird hears a warning,
  And the brooklets are whispering "Night."

For time follows closely behind him,
  And hurries him half out of breath,
And the gathering gloaming will find him
  In the valley and shadow of death.

Oh, why can't we be like the flowers
That bloom in the forest so fair,
That live through the sweet summer hours,
With never a sorrow or care?

Of course, we have heard the old story,
That down in the dim vista of years
A woman took gladness and glory
And sold it for sorrow and tears.

That Eden's fair blossoms were blighted
By the dread serpent Satan's vile breath;
That 'twas there that the words were indicted:
"The wages of sin shall be death."

But if woman has brought all this sorrow,
And filled this wide world full of woe,
I would not exchange it to-morrow
For a heaven where women don't go.

The Canon of the Grand.

I'm going to paint a picture with a pencil of my own ;
I shall have no hand to help me; I shall paint it all alone.
Oft I fancy it before me, and my hopeful heart grows faint,
As I contemplate the grandeur of the picture I would paint.

When I rhyme about the river, the laughing, limpid stream,
Whose ripples seem to shiver, as they glide and glow and gleam;
Of the waves that beat the boulders that are strewn upon the strand,
You will recognize the river in the Canon of the Grand.

When I write about the mountains, with their heads so high and hoar,
Of the cliffs and craggy canons, where the waters rush and roar ;
When I speak about the walls that rise so high on either hand,
You will recognize the rockwork in the Canon of the Grand.

God was good to make the mountains, the valleys and the hills,
To put the rose upon the cactus, the ripple on the rills;
But if I had all the words of all the worlds at my command
I couldn't paint a picture of the Canon of the Grand.

Summer's Gone.

Summer's gone. Ah, soon the sea
Will miss my summer love and me.
The soft sea-waves that used to float
Around her form and kiss her throat
Will sigh and seek the shore, and then
Flow back into the gulf again.
The summer's gone.

Summer's gone. The robin's trill
Will soon be hushed, and o'er the hill
The aspen tree, in tints of gold,
Will shiver in the coming cold;
But when we part, how sweet 'twill be
To know that she's in love with me,
Tho' summer's gone.

Where the Wild Flowers Catch the Dew.

I have stood beside the ocean;
I have walked upon the beach,
Where the shells and shiny seaweeds strew the strand;
Where a sense of awe and wonderment
Bereft me of my speech,
As I watched the mighty murmurer expand.

I have felt the same weird awfulness
More strangly wild and sweet,
When clinging to the cliff with foot and hand;
I have looked down in the Royal Gorge
At the iron horse so fleet,
That was dashing down the Denver & Rio Grande.

I love the crags and canons,
The laughing, rippling rill,
And the Colorado sky, so bright and blue;
Where the mountains in the moonlight
Stand motionless and still—
Where the heliotrope and hop vines catch the dew.

I love the little flowers,
For they tell us o'er and o'er,
That there's hope for those who're good, beyond the grave.
I should like to find their fragrance
'Mong the seaweeds on the shore,
And their language in the music of the wave.

Gentle Annie.

Now the restless hand of nature
Reaches out to shift the scene,
And the brooks begin to warble in the dell;
And the waking fields are fluffy
And the meadow lands are green,
And the tassles on the trees begin to swell.

Now the young man finds his fancy
Turning tow'rd the things of time,
And the miner's lightly turning tow'rd the trail;
And when we would be prosy
We are drifting into rhyme—
It is springtime, gentle Annie, in the vale.

Winter now no longer lingers
In the love-lit lap of spring;
See, the honey bees are humming in the air;
There's a gleam of growing gladness
'Bout the fields and everything,
And a hidden hint of summer everywhere.

Now the naked hills are hidden
'Neath a garb of gaudy hue,
And the tramps are growing restless in the jail;
All the woodland melts in melody
And everything is new,
It is springtime, gentle Annie, in the vale.

When Other Lips.

When other lips their love shall own,
  Tho' other lips may lie;
Say that thou art my love alone.
  And wink the other eye.

And when the minister shall stand—
  Make both of us just me,
We'll step aboard "The Overland"
  And go and find the sea.

From Mountain to Meadow.

When God had reared the rugged walls
'Round Utah's verdi vales;
Then man came on his mission and
He laid two shining rails,
O'er which, in perfect palace cars,
Humanity is whirled
At sixty miles an hour through
This wonder of the world.

From frozen frigid mountains, with
Their polished peaks of snow,
To fields of waving golden grain
And meadow lands below,
Through gardens in whose presence even
Paradise would pale,
At sixty miles an hour we
Are whirled along the rail.

Sangre de Christo.

Sangre de Christo, let me trace
The beauties of thy furrowed face,
While poncha-perfumed summer breeze
Makes music in thine arboles;
And, as I look, thine every peak
To me, in silence, seems to speak:
Sangre—the blood that flowed so free;
Christo—the Christ on Calvary.

Sangre de Christo, bright monte vista,
Thy cloud-piercing peaks shall my monument be!
When I am sleeping where thy shades are creeping,
Sangre de Christo, wilt thou shelter me?

I see upon thy riven side
Great rifts through the rivers flow;
And they tell, too, how Jesus died,
As down to seek the sea they go;
And through the verdant vale they sing
The praises of the risen king:
Sangre—the blood that flowed so free;
Christo—the Christ on Calvary.

Love Among the Mountains.

In a sequestered spot my love and I,
Hand clasped in hand, stood dreaming love's sweet dream,
Watched from the cragy cliff the eagle fly,
And heard the far off murmur of the stream.

Ah! Happy soul in solitude that sips
From this grand cup of nature sent from heaven—
"But I," said I, "from your red rosy lips,
Quaff sweetest sweets by God or nature given.

"Hush, Hush!" she said, and dropped her dusky head,
"Who knows what eyes are turned upon us here?"
"The angels see, and say not that it's wrong," I said,
And from her drooping lashes kissed a tear.

Sunset on Salt Lake.

With awe I watch the sun go down
  Across the great Salt Lake;
The mountains don their golden crown,
The soaring seagulls circle 'round,
  The gentle billows break.

And when I scan what's made for man,
  To make his heart grow glad,
With wonderment my heart I hush;
I feel the flush of shame's hot blush,
  Because my soul is sad.

Loch Ivanhoe.

Up near the mountain's craggy crest,
The mighty moguls strong and proud—
The snow-drifts beating 'gainst their breast—
With pointed pilots pierce the cloud.
High mountains seeming little hills
Emboss the spreading plain below,
And rivers look like laughing rills
As down the distant vale they flow.

Here in a weird cold wintry grave,
Wrapped in a marble shroud of snow,
With not a ripple, not a wave,
Calmly sleeps Loch Ivanhoe.
But with the coming of the spring
The little flowers will bud and blow
And gladsome songs the birds will sing,
Along the banks of Ivanhoe.

At Manitou.

A dreamy hush has settled o'er the vale;
Pike's lofty peak shuts out the sunset's ray;
In robe de nuit I tremble and turn pale,
My mirror tells me I am growing gray.

I must not sit with idle, empty hands;
I'm still quite young; there's much that I can do;
I will away, e'en tho' the season wanes;
I'll go and make a mash at Manitou.

The Garb of the Hills.

Go visit the hills in the spring-time,
When the little buds burst on the trees,
And the perfume of pinon and wild flowers
Is borne on the breath of the breeze;
When the rivulets leap from the snowlands,
As down toward the valley they sing,
To gladden the rose-laden low-lands—
Go visit the hills in the spring!

And then, when the summer is over,
And the dead leaves are strewn o'er the land;
When the blossoms have dropped from the clover,
A garment more gorgeous and grand
Is worn by the hills. True, the verdure,
The green and the freshness of spring
Have changed—the flowers have faded—
The song-birds are ceasing to sing.

But look! in the morn, when the sunlight
First flashes its rays o'er the range,
Ever changing anon till the wan light
Of evening is on—note each change—
Blends the fire and flame of the oak tree
With the gold of the aspen so tall;
All the radiant rays of the rainbow
Are worn by the hills in the fall.

The Thunder Bird.

Wa-Ka-Ta and his Lauuna
  Stood at twilight by the trail.
They had come to see the "Thunder Bird"
  That bends athwart the vale.
When at last a light shone o'er them,
  Through the drab and dewy dawn ;
With a crash it flashed before them,
  And the "Thunder Bird" was gone.

'Twas the U. P.'s famous flyer,
  That these frightened people saw ;
Sending forth a flood of fire
  O'er the chieftain and the squaw.
Now each night these patient people
  Watch beneath the starry sky,
Till the dawning of the morning,
  When the "Thunder Bird" goes by.

The Amethyst Vein.

The sun o'er the summit is bringing
  Chilled roses to life on the lea ;
The rivers are laughing and singing,
  And slipping away tow'rd the sea.

The winds in the cedars are sighing,
  Their summer songs rhyme with the rills;
The miners are patiently trying
  The traces that hide in the hills.

The tremulous tramways are creaking
  'Neath the weight of each silvery train ;
The men in the mountain are seeking
  The source of the Amethyst vein.

The Nellie Bly.

A maiden, to Chicago bound,
Cried, "Bissell, do not tarry,
"And I'll give thee a golden crown
"To fly me o'er the prairie!"
"And who be ye this trip would try,
"And who's his jags, the flunkey?"
"Oh, I'm the girdler, Nellie Bly,
"And this, my Indian monkey."

"I'll send a message, if you'll go."
"Ah, no!" he cried, "don't wire;
"The telegraph is far too slow;
"Just step aboard the flyer."
Then looking in her eyes of brown,
"I go, my queen, all hunky,
"But 'tis not for your golden crown,
"Nor is it for your monkey.

"But see well to thy wardrobe, lass;
"There'll be some lightning changes
"From California's field of grass
"To Raton's rocky ranges;
"From Glorietta's polished peaks
"To the warm Arkansas valley.
"We'll do in days what once took weeks."
"I understand," said Nellie.

Then, o'er the track, the special sped,
And o'er the wire the warning;
The mile-posts from her pathway fled,
Like dewdrops in the morning;
Across the hill and down the dell,
Past station after station;
The muffled music of the bell
Gave voice to each vibration.

Swift speeds the steed of steel and steam,
And where the road lies level
The train sweeps onward like a dream,
Past palace and past hovel,
And o'er the prairie, cold and gray,
There falls a flood of fire,
While orders flash for miles away:
"Take siding for the flyer."

The engine seems to fairly float,
Her iron sinews quiver,
While swift, beneath her throbbing throat,
The rails rush like a river.
Upon the seat the engineer,
Who knows her speed and power,
Sits silently without a fear
At sixty miles an hour.

To the Golden Gate.

"Mr. Gould," said Mr. Manvel,
As they sat 'round the hearth,
"The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe
Is the longest road on earth."

Said Mr. Gould to Manvel,
"Keep your eye on me,
Lest I might tie your Nellie Bly
To the tail of my U. P."

"Mr. Gould," said Mr. Manvel,
"You'll never see that day;
You'll never see the great U. P.
Absorb the Santa Fe."

"Mr. Perkins," said Mr. Jeffery,
"I'll tell you what I'll do;
I'll give the hand of the Rio Grande
To the great C. B. & Q.

"Mr. Jeffery," said Mr. Perkins,
As o'er the track they whirled,
"Your little line will then make mine
'The Scenic Route of the World.'"

"Mr. Jeffery," said Mr. Palmer,
"Give me your other hand;
I'll break away from the Santa Fe
And flirt with the Rio Grande."

Said Huntington to Palmer,
"The Scenic Route is great;
Now all join hands with the Rio Grande
And dance to the Golden Gate."

Mid the Mountains.

There's a charm about the mountains
  That you never can forget,
If you linger in their shadows for a day;
And you'll find your troubled bosom
  Filled with sorrow and regret
When the time has come to take yourself away.

When you seem to sigh for sugar
  In the coffee of your life;
And grief down in your pathway seems to swoop;
Just go down to the depot
  With your sweetheart or your wife,
And take a little turn around the "Loop,"

It Beats Hell.

Some people seem never to tire
Of telling the world what they know
About the great gulf filled with fire,
That burns in the bad world below.

They seem to forget there's a heaven
With sun-lands and soft summer seas—
That great goal for which we have striven—
They love so to harp on hades.

To the child the sweet voice of a mother
Means more than the chastening rod;
Preach less of the ills of the other
And more of the goodness of God.

I'd rather be drawn than be driven
To the land where the good only dwell;
Then let us preach more about heaven,
Because it is better than hell.

There Is No Death.

There is no death !
  The flowers bloom ;
  Their sweet perfume
Floats o'er the night—
The hills are white.
  The summer birds have sped away,
  The summer days are dead, they say,
But when the spring comes back the wren
Sings sweet, the flowers bloom again.

There is no death !
  We fall asleep
  And wake to weep.
Youth's happy springtime wears away
With voices weak, our hair grows gray,
  But often that last sleep, ah then,
  We know that man must live again.
There is no death.

Her Hand in Mine.

Maud and I sat playing poker
While the rest enjoyed the dance;
Every time I held the joker
Cupid shied his little lance.

"George," said Maud, "I'd like to bet you;
I've a better hand than thee."
"Good," I said, "'f I win I'll get you;
If you win, then you'll get me."

"Cards," said Maud, and through the laces
Dimly shone her form divine.
"Maud," I said, "I've got four aces—
Put your little hand in mine."

Sunlight.

With soft caress her hand I press,
  While to her fair face rushes
A fiery flood of hot heart's blood
  That bursts and blooms in blushes.

Her eyes divine upon me shine—
  With trembling tones I tell her
That she illumes this life of mine,
  Like sunlight in a cellar.

Charity.

Not alone those in the palace
From the cold and hunger free—
Not alone those in the hovel
Are in need of charity.

Shake the highways and the flyways,
Go and seek the slums of sin,
That abound along the by-ways;
Knock, and when they let you in,

Stoop and lift your fallen sister,
Once as spotless as the snow.
Tell her how the Lord has missed her,
From the vineyard here below.

Bid her go and smell the roses
That are blooming on the bluff,
Ere the life of sorrow closes,
Lift the fallen—that's the stuff.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

A red rose grew by the garden gate,
And sweetly scented the silent gloom,
When the city slept—when the hour was late,
The night wind wafted its pure perfume
Up to my window, and o'er my bed,
Till I was in love with the rose so red.

But I think now, perhaps it's wrong
To love these things that only bide
A few brief days, with a love so strong;
For folding its petals the red rose died;
And then I sorrowed and sighed and said
"Life is lonely, my rose is dead."

And then ere long another rose
Bloomed in life's way—a human flower;
And it brought to me such sweet repose,
And held me hard with a hidden power,
And soothed my soul that was worn with care,
Till I was in love with the rose so rare.

And that fair flower that I loved so long,
With a love that was never satisfied—
That I loved with a love so strangely strong—
Folded its soft white hands and died;
Again I sorrowed and sighed and said:
"Life is lonely, my love is dead."

Bad on the Bird.

A rash little robin sailed over the sea,
And he lit on a tree-twig and gazing at me,
He softly and silently folded his wing
And said, in a whisper, "I came here to sing."
"You pose as a poet," the little bird said.
"Then why don't you warble and wake the dead
Fields and flowers that slumber. Warble and bring
The lilies to life again. Why don't you sing?"
I looked at the snow-drift that lingered around
The fences and trees, where the frost in the ground
Seemed to keep it from melting and I saw not a thing,
Save the bird that gave any assurance of spring.
I was just about telling the bird what a joke
It would be if the spring didn't come, when there broke
O'er the valley a storm, and the elements played
Hail on his plume till his feathers were frayed.

The Roses Are Gone.

The roses are gone from the gardens :
  The meadows are barren and brown ;
The dry withered leaves from the shade trees
  Are drifting and eddying down
In my pathway ; the mountains are hoary,
  There's nothing that speaks of the spring.
The summer is gone with its glory,
  The birds are too saddened to sing.

And how like our lives are the seasons—
  The bright days of childhood the spring ;
The youth is the rose-scented summer ;
  The sear days of autumn should bring
Contentment ; they should not be dreary,
  Tho' our cheeks have forgotten to glow.
The winter brings rest for the weary
  And how like a shroud is the snow !

Winter.

'Tis winter now; the frozen hills
Are slumbering in robes of white,
The wind from out the woodlands chills
My blood, and silently at night
The pale, cold moon comes out to creep
Across the vale, where roses sleep.

How sweet to know that time will bring
Fresh flowers. That the sleeping rose
Will quicken with the touch of spring,
And waking from its long repose
Will bloom again, and all the earth
Be filled with merriment and mirth.

If I Had You

If I had you, at Christmas time,
When other men with able arms
Caress their holdings; I would climb
The Christmas-tree—and all the charms
And gifts that on its branches grew
Lay at your feet—if I had you.

If I had you when twilight's shade
Casts ghostly shadows o'er the vale,
When sunset's gold begins to fade
And little stars shine dim and pale;
I know so many things I'd do
In twilight's shade—if I had you.

Be Better to God.

At the back of the town
  There's a gray granite wall
Illumed by electrical light;
So grand and majestical,
  Towering and tall,
Reaching far away into the night.

And the evergreen arboles
  Up near the crest,
When the moon in her heavenly trail,
Sweeps swiftly and silently
  Out toward the west,
Through shadows down over the vale.

The beauties of nature
  So dazzling by day,
When the sun sinks away o'er the hill,
Lose none of their grandeur—
  They fade not away—
But multiplied stay with us still.

Just think of the good things
  That heaven has sent,
And now as like pilgrims we plod
Adown toward the valley,
  We ought to repent—
We ought to be better to God.

A Woman's Love.

When the fields are all frozen, barren and brown,
  When the flowers bloom over the lea,
When the sun comes up and the sun goes down,
When I live in the country or live in the town,
  My darling, I think of thee.

A Man's Love.

When the sea-gull is skimming the surf of the slough,
  And soars away over the sea;
When the briny billows are black and blue,
When I haven't anything better to do,
  My darling, I'll think of thee.

Here Below.

You can talk about your honey-
  Suckle home beyond the sky,
Your sun-kissed over yonder,
  And your blooming by and by;
Of the silver waves that warble
  Up against the golden shore;
Of your heathery hereafter,
  And your endless evermore,
But if you've a lot of rapture
  And would like to let it go,
Just sift a little sunshine
  In the shadows here below.

Don't cluster up your kisses
  For my cold and clammy brow.
This life is long and lonely—
  Come and let me feel them now.
It's all right to lay up treasures
  In the realms where they won't rust;
And to figure on the future,
  And to try to put your trust
In Him who made the Universe;
  But it won't hurt, I know,
To sift a little sunshine
  In the shadows here below.

This Life is Good.

When meads and glades and everything
Put on the gaudy garb of spring;
  When fragrant flowers scent the air
  And birds make music everywhere,
I say, while wandering in the wood,
This life is good.

When roses rest in winter's tomb
And all the earth is garbed in gloom,
  At eventide about the hearth
  I sit, and say, despite the dearth
Of sun and sunset down the wood,
This life is good.

Asleep With the Roses.

I said unto the brooklet
That murmered in the mead,
Pray, what's your rush, fair rivulet?
The forest flowers need
Your music. Said the brooklet:
There is no rest for me;
My life came from the ocean,
I go back to the sea.

I asked the forest flower
That blossomed in the wood,
Whose life lives but an hour,
And it too, understood
That 'twas this dreary footstool
That gave the flowers birth.
It said: When life is over
I go back to the earth.

I asked the aged parson
If some day we must die
And sleep among dead flowers?
The parson answered, Aye;
We sleep, but no man dieth,
Nor flowers in the glen;
But when that sleep is over
This life shall live again.

The Whippoorwill.

Last night in silence and alone,
Across my window sill
I leaned, the moon half hidden shown,
I heard the whippoorwill.

My memory strayed to boyhood days,
With boyhood's hopes and fears—
For that lone bird I had not heard
For half a dozen years.

Winged spirit of the gloaming,
Thy life is like mine own—
A life of shade and sadness,
So dreary and so lone.

Must all our life be sadness,
Be the leaflet green or sear?
And canst thou sing save when thy wing
Is wet with heaven's tear?

For in the gloam, dark as its tomb,
This lone bird takes his flight—
He wings his way and sings his lay
In the holy hush of night.

At the Tabor.

After Meredith's Aux Italien.

At the Tabor it was, at the comedy there,
And she looked like a diamond in hock that night,
With the chestnut rose in her bright red hair,
And her face so fair and white,
I was here and there was she:
I was up in the gallery.

Of all the plays Hoyt wrote for fun,
The best to my mind is "A Texas Steer;"
Where the ranger soothes with a gattling gun;
The cowboy on his ear.
I was here, and there my queen,
With only a dollar'n a quarter between.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And I must anchor where I can cling;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But a dollar's a different thing.
Oh, if she'd only look up to me;
In my high place in the gallery.

The Miner's Lament.

O'er the treacherous trail I've traveled
For near a dozen years,
I have sought the hidden treasure—
I have lived on hopes and fears,
And the dreams I dreamed at midnight
On the perfumed pinon bow;
Were, I fancy, fairer—sweeter
Than the dreams I'm dreaming now.

I have been to see the city—
I have sat beside the sea,
And have heard its mystic music;
But it brings no bliss to me.
I am lone; I miss the melody
Made by the mountain winds;
As they creep across the craggy
Crest and dally with the pines.

'May be wrong to be ungrateful
For the good things God has given;
'May be wrong to under-estimate
The blessings sent from heaven;
But the joy that's in the seeking
Of the wealth beneath the ground
Is a joy the miner loses
When the hidden treasure's found.

So I leave these treasured millions
And again my feet I turn
Toward the silent, snowy mountains,
For my restive soul doth yearn
For the mournful, mystic melody
Made by the mountain winds,
And the scent of summer wild flow'rs
And the perfume of the pines.

Silver Stained.

I am weary, said the miner,
And my limbs are growing cold;
I am weary of this seeking
After silver. I am told
That the dollar of our daddies
Is a dream of something fled,
And that silver in the Senate 's
Just about as good as lead.

I had learned to love the mountains
As the sailor loves the sea,
As the song birds love the sunlight,
As the flowers love the lea.
But I'm weary, Oh, so weary,
I would lay me down and rest
Where the soft wind shakes the cedars,
Near the mountain's craggy crest.

I can see our silver dollar
Slowly driven to disgrace;
There's a mark upon her forehead
And a film before her face.
I am weary of this waiting;
I would lay me down to rest,
Where the soft wind shakes the cedars
Near the mountain's craggy crest.

We Ain't Had No Spring.

Man's a chump to set and rhyme
'Bout this soft Italian clime—
  Sunny skies, so blue and bright ;
  Sky's all right, but out of sight—
Summer birds with broken wing,
Some are birds that want to sing—
We ain't had a bit of spring.

Sun comes out and then goes back ;
Horses waiting on the track.
  Summer's here? We don't know where—
  There's no music in the air.
Spring's all scrambled with the fall—
I think Foster's got his gall—
We ain't had no spring at all.

A Woman and Her Tears.

I like to see a woman when
  Her sweet face wears a smile—
To tell the truth, I like to see
  A woman all the while;
But in all of my experience,
  And I've been here for years,
No woman ever wins me like
  A woman in her tears.

She seems to come and cluster in
  My confidence and sue,
And I catch her grief as gently as
  The roses catch the dew;
Then I feel my heart is melting,
  And soon it disappears,
And I know it's gone to visit
  With the woman in her tears.

The Way I Went.

Last night as I lay sleeping
  Upon my dawny bed,
The strangest, strangest vision
  Came drifting through my head.

I dreamed I went to heaven,
  Saint Peter said to me,
"What brought you here?" I answered,
  "I came by the U. P."

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